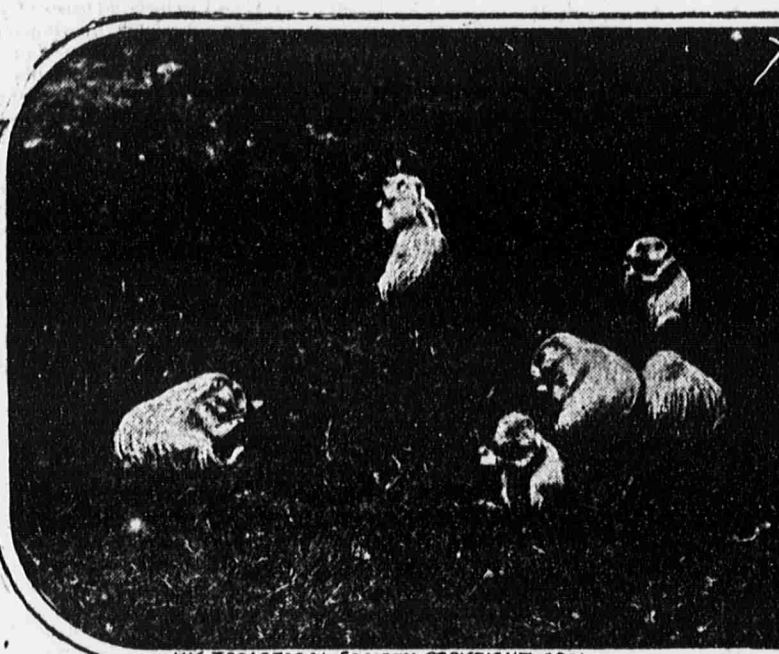
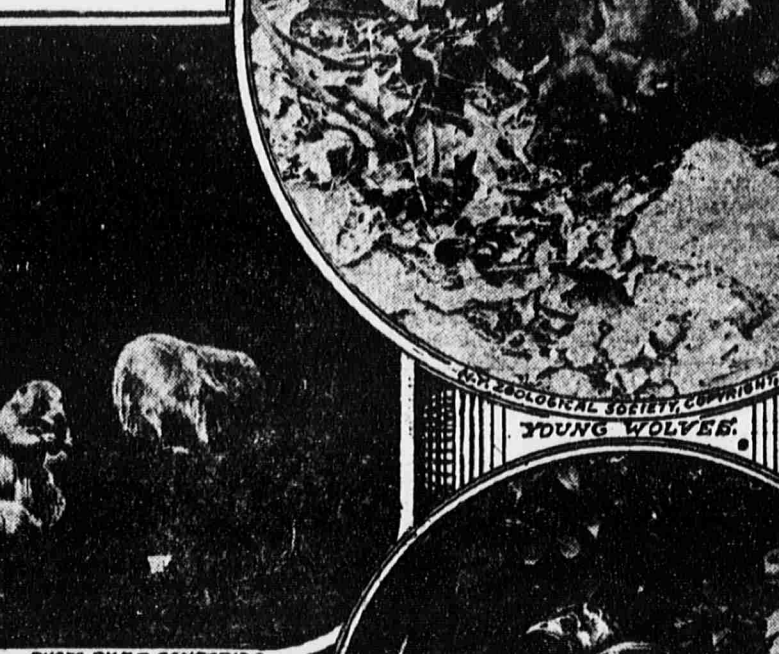


SPRINGTIME AT THE ZOO

House Cleaning of Birds and Beasts--The Stork Working Overtime--Fathers Dreadfully Excited



IN THE PRAIRIE DOG TOWN.



YOUNG WOLVES.

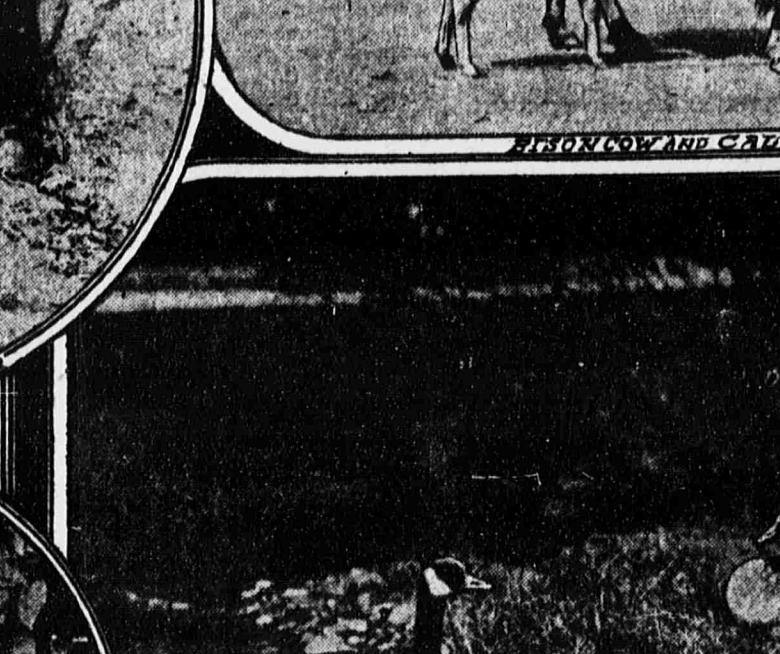


PHOTO BY E. R. SARGENT.



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For weeks past the ring neck dove in the New York Zoological Park has been making goo goo eyes at one of the quails, following her about the cage, cooing, bowing and scraping, and in other ways trying his best to win her affections. A few days ago a peahen that has the freedom of the grounds wandered up to the cage of her less fortunate companion, and he actually came down from his perch and was pouring sweetness into her ears when he was suddenly interrupted by her mate, who, perched in a tree overhead, let out an ear-splitting yell of protest.

This is the only ring neck dove in the park and he makes love to any female bird that comes near him, regardless of its size or color.

Spring is an interesting time to visit a zoological park. The keepers are busy shifting the animals from their winter quarters to their large summer paddocks and cages, or separating those that are expected to have young from their cage mates, who might harm the little ones.

Nesting locations are selected, and nesting materials are supplied for the birds that are apt to breed in captivity, and any birds that show an inclination to mate get every opportunity to follow their natural instinct. In fact two-thirds of the birds and mammals in a zoological park pass through some sort of transformation in the spring, and June is the month when these changes are seen to best advantage.

The elephants, camels and donkeys that have had a lazy time all winter are now set to work earning their board by carrying children about the grounds. The bears did not hibernate last winter because they were not so active during the cold months as they are now. The two Kodiak bears, the Colorado grizzly and the so-called cinnamon bear spend much of their time in boxing or wrestling. Already some of these great brutes look as though their fur was a paradise for moths. Others have shed their coats and are clothed in a dress of shorter but darker hair.

House cleaning has been going on in the prairie dog village. The dried grass which formed the beds at the bottom of the burrow where the family hibernated during the winter became wet from the melting

snow and the spring rain. It had all to be carried to the surface, spread out to dry and then taken back a d the nest made over. This, probably, in expectation of the little fellows that we now see wrestling with one another or tumbling over the ground like rubber balls.

Repairs both inside and outside of the burrows have been necessary. Much dirt has been washed into the holes and in some cases the high cone of earth that surrounds the burrow and prevents the surface water from entering has been washed away. The inside rim is crumbling and needs packing firmly.

These are repairs that are going on at all times, for nearly every severe rain is apt to cause more or less damage to the little dirt doorways. If you are fortunate enough to be a visitor to the park on one of these repair days, you will be interested in watching the little four footed workmen. Some of the prairie dogs back out of their burrows and kick the dirt out with their hind feet as they proceed. Others push the dirt before them with the back of their forefeet, or scoop it as a boy would scoop up sand with his hands.

As fast as the dirt is brought to the sur-

face it is pushed in place and hammered firmly. The dog arches his back and pounds the dirt in place with the tip of his nose.

The rim inside is packed in the same manner, only, of course, new dirt cannot be added. Consequently as the earth is washed away the hole becomes larger until sometimes dog burrows are found out on the Western plains a foot and a half in diameter.

After all repairs have been completed one finds a hard dirt cone from six inches to eighteen inches high surrounding the burrow and the dirt is covered with little nose prints, as though a person had carefully tampered it with his knuckles. These repairs are always ready after a rain, when the soil will pack easily.

Of course the little workers' tonsils become filled with dirt. To clean them the dogs pass each toe between their teeth. This masticating process is an interesting phase of the house cleaning.

This is a particularly interesting time to watch the growth of antlers on the different members of the deer family. With the axis, sambar, fallow and red deer of Europe and Asia, and the elk and white-

tailed deer of this country, one will find antlers in all stages of growth.

The scar faced bucks have just shed their antlers, other bucks have buttons an inch long, while the head decorations of still others are half grown. You may find a buck who still wears his hard polished antlers of the previous season, but they will drop off before many days.

Deer handle their growing antlers very carefully, for it is at this time that deformities are apt to occur. The deer seem to realize this and allow themselves to be driven about with a stick, for they do not want to run a risk of breaking the thick velvet skin that encases the antlers by acting on the offensive. Should the skin get broken the deer is apt to bleed to death, or if the flexible pulp antler gets broken or bent it will become ossified when the hardening period of its growth arrives and retain its crooked shape.

The wolf dens always hold a crowd of admiring visitors, who stand in front of the steel bars and relate thrilling stories to one another. Wolves are nothing less than wild dogs, as the actions of one of these animals testify.

She is so tame and good natured that the keepers can handle her as one would handle a dog. She always greets them and returns their attentions by wagging her tail, jumping at the bars and licking their hands.

Her mate is a jealous fellow, who leaves his own bath on top of the rocks and saunters to the front of the cage to butt and snarl whenever he sees her receiving attention. Snarling, growling and showing his long

white teeth, he crowds in between the bars and his mate and snaps at the keeper's hand. She, in the meantime, rubs against his side, licks his face and fairly laughs at him for acting so foolishly.

This wolf had become one of the friends of the writer and she never failed to greet him in her familiar way. A few days ago he passed the den and she was nowhere in sight. He called and waited for her to come from her sleeping box. Again he called, but she refused to appear. At length, however, she thrust her head from the door and stood watching her visitor while he coaxed her.

She wanted to come, that was plainly evident, but something seemed to be holding her back. She laid back her ears, turned and looked into the box, then at the man, and at last took several steps toward him, but only to retreat them.

After several minutes of coaxing she came to the bars and permitted her friend to pat her. Her jealous mate left his rock as usual and trotted toward her. Instantly she wheeled about and bounded back to the shelter box. Turning so as to block the entrance, she showed her teeth and growled, nor would she leave until the male wolf had resumed his station.

The riddle was soon solved; she was the proud mother of a family of puppies. No less than fifteen wolves have been born in the park this spring. The fact of such a large birth rate proves that the wolves are living in as nearly natural conditions as it is possible to keep animals in captivity.

The little fellows are much darker than their parents, nearly black in fact. Whenever they wander out of their sleeping dens their mothers immediately carry them

back. Even at this early age they begin to show signs of playfulness, and whenever two get together they haul and pull each other about in an amusing manner.

In the buffalo corral are several buffalo calves that have made their appearance lately. They look much like barnyard calves; in fact, if they were placed in with a bunch of cattle it is doubtful if one person in a hundred would suspect that they were not ordinary calves.

The bison breed well in captivity when not worried or annoyed too much. A bison cow is a very good animal to let alone during the period just after the birth of a calf. She is very restless and the slightest disturbance will cause her to move about and grunt in a deep, gruff voice that promises anything but a pleasant reception to the intruder who has aroused her.

In the axis deer range a pair of fawns have been born to a gentle old cow, who watches over them as though each of the many white spots on their bright red coats was a diamond worth a fortune.

In the large flying cage is a happy family of storks, cranes, pelicans, cormorants, gulls, ibises, flamingos and herons of several species. The cormorants, ibises and some of the herons are trying their best to build nests in the large shade trees inside of the enclosure.

The wild turkey gobbler up by the small mammals' house has become very pugnacious of late. When any one puts a hand through the netting he accepts it as a challenge and immediately awakes and moves forward to the attack.

His naked head decorations, which are livid in color when he is not excited, change to scarlet. He struts up to the intruder,

bristling with rage, and jumps into the air and strikes with his spurs and pecks violently at the hand, all the time swearing to the fullest extent of a turkey's vocabulary. His jabs are not love taps, either, as many children have discovered to their regret.

He even attacks the keepers, his old friends, when they come to feed him, and were it not that they keep close watch of him he would fly into their faces and put out their eyes with his long sharp spurs. His mate is concealed on her nest in the far corner of her cage, and he no doubt feels it his duty to protect her during the period of incubation.

It is extremely difficult to rear wild turkeys in captivity. The conditions must be perfect and a wet season is usually fatal to the little chicks.

It is easy to guess why the ducks and geese are not now in flocks, as they were during the winter, and why the drakes hiss and show signs of fighting whenever another bird comes too close to a certain bunch of grass, or clump of weeds, at the water's edge. If you could get permission to climb over the fence that encloses the pond and would then hunt among the bushes and the grass, you would find many nests filled with eggs which are now hatching. In a short time the waterways will be covered with families of downy ducklings and goslings, huddled about their mothers like bees about their queen.

Like the old turkey gobbler, the Canada gander watches over his mate while she is on the nest. Whenever any one comes near he lowers his head, curves his neck and with beak open and wings half spread he hisses and rushes at the intruder.

DINNERS MUST BE COLD NOW.

THE MODE, WHETHER THEY COOL YOU OFF OR NOT.

Soup Cold, Fish and Meat in Jelly—Summer Salads—Cold Eggs for Dinner Too—Vegetables in Novel Styles—Meats That Men Like Better Than Women.

"You would like everything cold?" said the head waiter, who seemed a little self-conscious on account of his white duck trousers. These he was condemned to wear in the summer time that he might look cool for the sake of the guests, whatever his feelings might be. "That is very well for the terrace. Most of the gentlemen and ladies who dine on the terrace like everything cold."

There was a hot glare from the street just at that moment, and the dust lay thick on the third greens that hedged the balcony. It seemed necessary to do something to keep cool out there.

"Clams," wrote the waiter as the guest cast his eye over the bill of fare. "And what for a cold soup? Tired of cold chicken gumbo? Yes, sir, one does serve that a great deal. And a bouillon poulet? Tired of that, too?"

"Well, let it be a barbacou cold," he said. The Polish bulletin made of beef and it is served cold in a cup. Nothing could be more delicious, sir, I assure you.

"What shall the fish be? Brook trout en aspic or sea bass en ravigote? Both are delicious, although the bass is more decorative as he lies on the table in his pale green covering.

"The trout en aspic we will for you. Then it is garnished with a few slices of pimiento, a truffle or two put into the dust lay thick and cooled almost to the point of freezing. Very delicious he is, with the aspic flavored so faintly with estragon that the delicate taste of the trout is not destroyed in the least.

"The sea bass is also boiled and then his pale green coat of ravigote sauce is laid over him so carefully that not an outline of him is destroyed. Ravigote is a very strengthening sauce to the appetite, and is in consistency a little thicker than a good stiff mayonnaise.

"It has a little vinegar in the bouillon, and after the cook has cut up chives, omelet, burnt and tarragon together he throws them into the vinegar and bouillon just as they boil. It goes deliciously with cold sea bass, especially when the fish and his pale green sauce are seen against a background of dark, crisp romaine.

"Yes, sir, I'm sure you'll like it. Or I might give you cold soft shell crab, not the clammy, lank kind with a thick layer of corn meal all over them. The cold crabs I shall give you will have only the tips of their claws lightly sprinkled with bread crumbs ground from the driest toast, and

over the shells there will be a light sprinkling of the crumbs.

"Or we'll have the chops as fine as the heads of pins a green pepper. And we will serve you these crabs with a delicious mayonnaise.

"You prefer the sea bass and the sauce ravigote? Yes, sir. It shall be that."

There was a look of hesitation on the face of the guest when the important question of the cold fish had been settled. He looked critically at the bill of fare.

"I don't know about cold meat," he drawled. "You know cold beef or lamb is all right for lunch, but for dinner with a lady—for dinner, I mean, a fellow wants something different."

"Leave that entirely to me, sir," the waiter went on without the least sympathy for the uncertainty of his customer. "Our chef would have very little imagination for a cordon bleu if he should offer you cold beef for a dinner."

"I was going to speak of a poussin en aspic. We give you all of the little chicken, sir, but his tiny bones. We draw those out after he has been roasted, although you would never know it from the solid, prim way he lies on his back.

"He is stuffed with truffles and green peas that have been boiled in cream with half a scallion thrown into the pot. Then, like the other little birds, he is laid in his cold tomb of aspic with garlands of estragon floating in the amber jelly.

"Or a young duckling treated in just the same way might suit you better. We do the same to the duck except that we do not give him peas and truffles for a stuffing. He gets sliced cold potatoes with the smallest of the spring onions, and he tastes very nice in consequence of them. You prefer the chicken?

"Ah, we have got to the salad. I would not advise a cold roast. Either meat or fowl is sufficient. With fish one does not need both. With two cold meats the element of monotony starts to show itself in summer dinner.

"I am going to give you no vegetable with the cold poussin and I should suggest, therefore, that you take a salad of cold asparagus with the dinner. It will be thick and cold, with a suspicion of chives in the French dressing—not more than enough like the cold asparagus, but it has the taste of the asparagus. I promise you it will be just the touch the asparagus needs.

"An lot? A mousses, of course, at this season and there is none so delicious just now as a strawberry mousses with bits of the fruit flecking the blended cream which the juice has shaded to a deep rose.

"And may I ask of you, sir, if I dare, one great favor? Do not allow anybody to persuade you to finish this idyllic summer meal with hot cognac."

"So many of you gentlemen will do that. I have served the most delicious cold dinners on the hottest of all nights. I have served with them, as I shall serve you tonight, Rhine wine and champagne during dinner. Up to that point everything was perfect."

Then they ordered hot coffee, and drank it until perspiration flowed down their cheeks. They wiped their brows as I stood by and thought that all which had

gone before was in vain. The heat came with the last course.

"Let me give you café kirsch, that you may have no such fate, but keep cool all ways."

The waiter had his way and the temperature of the meal was not disturbed. Whether the fact that food is cold or warm has any effect on the temperature of those who eat it is an unsettled question. There is no doubt, however, that New Yorkers have during recent summers acquired an extraordinary fondness for cold things during hot weather.

This taste was no doubt created by the French restaurant keepers, who began to supply cold dishes in great abundance. Nothing is smarter in a gastronomic line now than the kind of dinner which the cold eaters have had served lately. He looks like a Prussian officer, talks French like a Parisian and has learned Fifth avenue English.

"Chicken gumbo in cups, of course," he said, "is the most popular of all the cold soups, and after that comes a plain consommé. I always advise my patrons to have cold soup frozen in lumps, directly as it is taken from the refrigerator, rather than to ask for it in liquid form."

"In order to liquify it the waiters put the cold soup frozen in lumps, directly as it is taken from the refrigerator, rather than to ask for it in liquid form."

"For the meat we have, of course, chicken consommé flavored with onion and strained just as one would prepare to make onion soup is also excellent, and persons who complain of the insipidity of cold bouillon would find it to their taste."

"Plain chicken consommé needs the addition of paprika or red pepper to give it flavor when cold, and the chefs have been adding it this year."

"Most of the cold fish served is likely to have mayonnaise as dressing, and as the same ingredient is found in many of the cold meat salads it is necessary to avoid too much rich dressings at one meal. The cold fish served so often in the fish course is about the most popular we make."

A slice of the cold, boiled fish is served with cold tomato sauce, cold string beans and a few cuts of truffle. A delicious salad may be made of codfish in the same way.

which is flavored with estragon and makes a novel addition to the familiar lamb. We have tiny saddles, large enough for only two persons.

The small spring turkeys are used only to get the breast for serving cold in a thin jelly flavored with currant or cranberry sauce. These are much better than the cold roast beef in it. Then the jelly is dressed with pimiento or red pepper skins.

"More characteristic, yet similar to a salad, is the cold roast beef, which is cut rather thin and in squares and served with a mayonnaise. Mixed with these are cold chicken, cold string beans and a suspicion of spring onion."

"Another way to prepare this cold roast beef is to use a great deal of pepper in the dressing, serving the meat with sliced tomatoes, liberally sprinkled with the white seeds of a green pepper and slices of pimiento. This is called a cold roast beef à la française."

"Cold tenders, with cold fondue d'artichauts, which have been soaked in French salad dressing is another summer meat that has been very much in demand this year. It is unfortunate that Americans are not fond of veal. There are some excellent summer dishes of cold veal, for the meat is perfect when cold."

"We have a large tender bracket stuffed with bread crumbs and oyster cakes that have been parboiled before they are put into the stuffing. This mixture is very highly flavored and forms a delicious contrast to the veal, which is so out as to have the slices cooked in half of the meat and half of the stuffing."

"Eggs are rarely used, even for an entrée at dinner, yet they may be made delicious and appropriate. Cold stuffed eggs covered with mayonnaise may contain crab meat, lobster, cold fish or sardines. Sometimes they are stuffed with meat and are served with cold tomato sauce, cauliflower or a vegetable more suited to the contents of the eggs."

"They are excellent, poached and hard boiled, but it is difficult to serve cold eggs cooked in any other form. Cold poached eggs, flavored with estragon and served in aspic, are delicious. Cold fried eggs on a slice of Virginia ham are not bad. They must, of course, be served also in jelly."

"I'll tell you two delicious cold vegetable dishes which to the credit of New York are ordered every night. One of these is cauliflower, boiled and liberally flavored with estragon. Over it should be poured French dressing mixed with even less than the usual amount of vinegar."

"The same dressing is used for cold string beans. They are not out, but served as in France, long and in their original shape. When cold they are mixed with the stems of scallions."

"These must be shredded until the pieces of onion are no thicker than a coarse thread. Then there will be no ground for saying that the taste of onion is too strong."

Fisherman Caught Lost Tackle.
From the Boston Herald.
Salmon fishing has been good for the past week. Several good sized ones have been landed, and Saturday P. S. Mitchell caught a five pound one but the most singular thing about it was that a week before Mr. Mitchell lost his steel fishing rod, reel and line, and the fisherman had found it and it sank to the bottom of the lake, so when he took the salmon into the boat he discovered an extra line in the fish's mouth, and he kept pulling on the line, and at the end was the rod that he had lost the week before, the fish having taken the bait and got hooked. Mr. Mitchell was well pleased with the fish, and also at finding the fishing outfit.

NEW YORK'S BUSIEST CORNER

THERE POLICE SAVE LIFE ON THE CONTINUOUS FLAN.

Men and Women Ever Rushing Into Danger at Broadway and Thirty-fourth Street and Hauled Out Mostly Unhurt—Exciting Incidents of a Crowded Hour.

The intersection of Broadway, Sixth avenue and Thirty-fourth street has been said to be the busiest spot in all New York, and for most of the year the busiest hours are between 11 A. M. and 3 P. M.

"Wagons and women," said an onlooker of a Monday, which is bargain day, "are the main cause."

Replied the man to whom he spoke: "To my mind the two most remarkable sights at this corner are the crowds of women and the agility and patience displayed by the policemen stationed here in saving travelers from battle, suicide and sudden death."

"Battle?" repeated the first.

"Well, I should say," insisted the second man. "Don't believe it? Just hang around here and see."

Here are some of the things they saw: A woman with a curly white dog on a leash came out of a store carrying a hand satchel, a paper parcel and an umbrella, and started to cross to the downtown corner. Doggie bolted his leash and got under the feet of a stout man coming from the other direction, who in order to save himself from measuring his length in front of a trolley car gave the animal a kick to one side.

It wasn't a vicious kick or a kick that would put the dog out of commission, but it was enough to lacerate the feelings of his mistress. With a scream of anger she raised her umbrella and brought it down with a whack on the man's shoulder. Only that he dodged, the whack would have landed on his head.

The policeman stationed there had a pretty lively time for five minutes or so, but he managed the situation like a diplomat. First he winked to the man who kicked the dog to fade away even while assuring the woman that he would certainly obey her and arrest him. Afterward he showed such zeal in catching the pup, who was a good bit sobered by his experience, that the woman quieted down beautifully and let him help her on board a car with the little beast in her arms. As the policeman walked back to his post near the tracks he smiled as he wiped his brow.

While the two observers were looking him over with admiration they heard a yell followed by "You damned fool!" in stentorian tones from the other direction, and turning they saw a caddy getting off some red-hot language to a truckman who had named him just as he was turning off into Thirty-fourth street and did something to the cab which brought it to a dead stop.

At this lady, much excited, jumped out of the cab and began yelling at caddy, too busy exchanging verbal compliments with the truckman to heed her.

"I must catch that train!" she cried. "I must catch that train!"

In almost any other part of the city such a mixup would have stopped travel and caused a jam. At this corner, however, it was as if it took less than five minutes to restore order.

In a fifty one policeman soothed the lady by sending for another cab, took her and her baggage in, giving directions to the driver and sending her off. Another policeman sent caddy and his assailant off in different directions. Nobody was arrested. Nobody was hurt, only one of the cab wheels was damaged.

A few minutes later over at the Tabernacle corner there was a commotion in front of a Thirty-fourth street trolley coming from the east as it stopped near the corner.

"Probably a woman knocked down," calmly answered a policeman, when people asked what had happened. "There are some persons who can't be prevented from trying to cross the street of a trolley just before it comes to a stop."

"She was knocked down but not hurt much," he announced a moment later, continuing to view the scene with experienced eyes. "And she hasn't insisted on having the motorman arrested," he concluded, as the car started on its way across the north and south tracks.

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"As between the country women who are afraid to take a step alone, and the New York women who want to plunge ahead no matter what's bearing down on them, give me the country women. They don't get us into hot water half so often."

"Where is So and So's?" a woman asked this policeman a second later, as he came near the curb with a party in tow.

He pointed mechanically to a woman crossing the street. "That's the one," he said to the two observers. "That statement struck them as interesting, and they gave their ears open to learn the sort of questions asked."

One woman approached the policeman with a letter in her hand.

"I'm not allowed to leave my seat and if I put them into my pocket I might forget to mail them," answered the policeman.

"Oh, in a dismayed tone, 'perhaps I had better not give them to you then,' and she carried the letters back with her to the automobile."

The policeman turned to confront two plainly dressed, middle aged women, each loaded with bundles, who had just stepped out of a trolley car.

"We have time for a matinee and can you tell us which of the shows is the best and how timely that the policeman had to bend his head to hear."

"We like something funny," put in the other woman.

The policeman smiled and replied: "I haven't been to any of the shows lately, but they do say that the farce at Blank's Theatre has a good laugh in it."

Then he gave directions for reaching Blank's. Both women thanked him gratefully and started off.

Just then an incident occurred which some people might not deem possible. The policeman charged on a pushcart banana vender who came to a standstill near the corner and warned him to move on. The vender obeyed, starting his cart with a jerk and proceeding to cross Thirty-fourth street.

The jerk sent a banana to the ground without the vender's seeing it. A small boy some distance off spied the fallen fruit, sprinted for it, picked it up, mingled with the throng now between him and the pushcart, overtook the vender and—handed him the banana.